





## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## LET BYGONES BE BYGONE.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were closed By night that contained a pang of regret, On the morrow in darkness driveth he shrouded:

"The world said 'The kind to forgive and forget.'

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted From ill over which it is folly to fret:

The world's most mortal sins highly estimate The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no spite.

The thought that the sun of affection has set,

Knotting for a moment, the rays will be stronger.

If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be light.

With kindness of yours with reception has met.

The shades of your love will be purer and brighter.

"Julie, you strive to forgive and forget."

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaves of malice, and try an example to us To show that the sun of affection of heaven Are softly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply

The world's forbearance we all are in debt.

They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply

To let us not the prompt. "Forgive and forget."

## After Many Years.

Miss Carney walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea party.

She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown purse in her hand.

The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other, like the tints upon a dove.

All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded.

She was a pretty old lady indeed,

and she had been a very pretty girl, though she was plain now, and those who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the boughs of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them, must have owned that it could not be in her case.

Down the lane, coming toward her, walked a gentleman.

He was tall and broad, his hair wavy, and his hat was gray, and his summer suit, though grey, his belt was gray also.

His coat, however, was softly shaded off like another sort of dove.

The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses nodded over the fence.

If these had been two young people in stead of two old ones, one might have fancied it a lover's reverie, but they were old.

Of course there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees stood an old house, Gray-stone walls, the porch.

There was an old fashioned sweep to the well.

It was altogether a thing of the past—no modern cottage of architectural mysteries. It was so old fashioned that it must have been built when the world's old people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by means of a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty old lady in brown reached the gate of this house first.

She entered the porch and stood looking down the road, thinking that it must be that the handsome old gentleman in gray had lost his way, and would inquire if for her, the lane was no thoroughfare because of a fence and a gate, and a sign, with All persons welcome, in a gaudy, ornate surrounds, nothing it.

The old lady's father had put up the sign the day after the peddler had stolen all his pearls.

No neighbor minded it, but strange did.

So the old lady waited courteously to tell the stranger that he might take the short cut through the lane to the church.

"We walk like somebody I know. Who can it be?" she asked herself.

Then she suddenly blushed and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be one old man destined to pluck her, for she remained a young woman even at forty.

"It is my father," she said, "this is where Mr. Edward Carney used to live, I know. Does he live here now?"

But the old lady looked at him with a sudden start.

"Oh!" she cried, and added, "No, he does not."

"He is—begin the old gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was eighty when he died."

"Time flies fast," said the old gentle-

"Fearfully fast," sighed the old lady.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the borders at her feet.

Miss Carney was a widow when I knew her, and had but one child—a daughter, the old gentleman's only child.

"She is living, is she not?"

"Yes, the old lady."

"Her eyes met. Here were brown and blue gray."

"People all out of knowledge in forty years," said she; "and how on earth I came to know you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Mark Twain."

"Ask the old gentleman to walk in, then Miss Carney" said he; "for he ought to be more weary than he used to be on the same road a life-time ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Frizley, every Sunday evening."

"Did you?" said she, pretending to be surprised.

"Yes, of course I'll add you to walk in, Mr. Turner."

She turned. He followed her.

They sat down in the parlor—one on either side of the polished table.

Over it hung a picture window, hanging lantern glass, with its many gift frames.

The pink case filled the recess.

On the marble piano were some shell flowers under glass.

There was the stiff note with the black cushion like a voice of a fluted cistern; there was the stiff note to match, and the sharp fire-cracker.

There had been no children to break or scratch things.

All the way as when he left it last and new Miss Carney standing in the middle of the room, leaning back in her chair, with her shoulder and a blue ribbon around her taper girl's waist.

Now he looked at her, and she was really old and stout, but somehow she seemed to be nobody else, but Frizley Carney.

She saw him looking from the furniture to her face and interpreted his thought.

"Yes," she said, almost angrily, "is it not strange? There are the bits of wood and glass and chimes just as they used to be. There are the oak trees and the hills and streams."

The very trees and flowers might be the same, and here am I, old, faded, and lonely, and my handsome, bright eyed father dead in his grave, and I shall care for him no more.

As I went to the grave, I wish I were gone also. I think the world has never seen such others for forty years, and we used to see each other again. I wish they had come after me for after all the same as dead for forty years. It is precisely like seeing ghosts.

She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Poor old father," said he, "what a son who promised to remember him forever."

"Forty years is much worse than for ever," said she, "and fifty-six is still more unromantic age."

Then it is, I say, he said, "but it is a good age even for ghosts. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one."

"Once there was a ghost—now I think it was not always a ghost—but he was a boy, thin and pale, a mile down the roadside.

He worked in a mill, and his hands were floury and white as a ghost should be most of the time; but he was happy and gay, and many things happened as he liked. One of them was when a certain rich farmer in the neighborhood sent his son to him to buy a team of horses to bring him in the great wagon; but he, the farmer, used to drive to mill with his little daughter in the gig beside him. She was a pretty child, with long curly, and her eyes were

she was a pretty picture in her white dresses and bright ribbons, and she caused him to smile.

When she was so young that she used to hold her hands out to this boy and cry "Come here, little boy! Show me where is our city from."

For she was the girl who liked to see the

ghosts, the girl who liked to see the

woman I ever loved. Is not that something for a man to say, when it is true as gospel?" "Yes," said he, "when I am old and stout, but you are so slender, but Frizley Carney."

"Then why not do our best to help you?" "I am not strange? There are the bits of wood and glass and chimes just as they used to be. There are the oak trees and the hills and the streams."

"Well, then, what can I do?" "Well, then, what can I do?"

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January 26, 1878.]

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BENDWOB.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

Where sky begins or sea lies end  
No man can mark, no mortal blood  
The sea's and sky's infiniteness.

The blue sea wears a crown of flame,  
The rosy clouds drink sapphire dew,  
Of human birth defines the hue.

And then the mortal life, meanness,  
At last warning tide shall sweep us by,  
When we have known no man's love  
And heaven's fane in harmony.

Till only infinite wisdom knows  
The word, beyond our speech's range,  
The path of mystery, the secret of the  
Veil of gloom about the change.

BROWNDROPS.

On snowdrops, no one rises,  
Because she loves eyes  
That loved you once, now underneath you.

Let not your birds appear,  
Each seems a frozen tear.  
Each feather is a hard rain,  
Each drop is a heavy dream.

We pour about our griefs to make them  
As if they were never dry.

Each feather falls,

And all the flowers are underneath the  
Clouds.FROM GLOOM TO  
SUNLIGHT.BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE,"  
"WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE  
FROM THE SEA," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Never did the fine old mansion of Ravensmore look fairer than in the leafy month of June. It made a picture that gladdened one's heart—the quaint gray towers, the castle-like turrets, the great oaken windows with ivy growing so thickly round them, the square turrets, the quaint picturesque building that seemed to defy and yet so accord with all the rules of art. It rose, noble and lofty, like a picture of beauty, in the middle of Castle Park, situated in the loveliest part of Devonshire. The foliage that surrounded it was magnificent. The Ravensmore woods stretched out on either side; arched deer reckoned in the shade of them. They were green and fragrant, with the bright blue balsam, with the red foxglove and wild hyacinth, where starry primroses grew at the roots of the trees, and cowslips hid the sweet yellow heads—home to the ferns—on the ledges of the rocks, the little side paths of the Castle. On the other side of the Castle lay rich fertile lands, pastures, a fine old orchard, a long-line of glass-houses, undulating corn-fields where the wheat was fast ripening, clover-fields where the cattle browsed in the sun-shade, lanes, and paths leading to and from the sea. During this June, Ravensmore was looking its fairest, the trees were all in full leaf, the hedges were pink and white—for the hawthorn was at its best—the red roses of the clover came over the hedges. The latter had just come into flower, and the bushes had been removed, and everything restored to its proper order, for the Earl and Countess were expected home with a large party of guests.

This home-coming had not been a source of great pleasure to Lady Caraven. All places were alike to her; the shadow of her un happiness darkened them all. In London, notwithstanding the crowds, the admiring looks, the open, the *festes*, the balls, the dances, the parties, she had been miserable.

A noble and loving heart like hers could not be satisfied with such frivolities; she wanted the realities of life—a husband to love her, a husband to love.

She had given her part in the gay pageant, she had gone with the *élite*, but she had been alone and parties had all the time, all the long dreary time, she moaned to herself that her heart was empty, her life was vain. She was frightened too at finding her dislike to the Earl, her husband, was increasing day by day; while she had been indifferent to him, she had been drawn to him.

It was even easier with the mocking shadow of a never-to-be-gained love. Now that she disliked him, it was terribly hard. And she did dislike him. She was afraid to tell him, she was afraid to tell him. In passing near her he touched even the hem of her dress, she drew it aside. She shrank from the sound of his voice. She never voluntarily entered a room if he was in it; she avoided meeting him when she could. She disliked him, and she trembled with fear of the thoughts.

Going back to Ravensmore gave her no particular pleasure. She knew that the Earl would take a whole troop of friends with him; besides which, she was rapidly losing all hope. In Paris she had hoped to find a husband, but in England she was bringing them nearer together; at Ravensmore she had hoped that in London they might perhaps do better. Now no such delusion came to her. She knew that there was no hope—that she might as well be left to die.

Then had a pleasant journey home from London—pleasant so far as sunshine was concerned—but Sir Raoul, who travelled with the Earl and his wife, was gained at seeing the gloominess between them. There was malice in the Countess's eyes, and the Earl's eyes were the part of the Earl. He himself was the only one who talked or seemed at his ease. During the journey he tried once or twice to bring them to converse, but Lady Hildred's pride was the cold proud expression that he was better known, well educated on the Earl's face, he read the very intensity of impatience. It was of no use—he allowed matters to take their course, the consequence was that husband and wife barely exchanged one word on the journey.

It was a lovely evening when they reached the Castle. The sun was shining full on the towers and turrets. Sir Raoul cried out in delight when he saw the gables.

"This is just how I have seen it a hundred times in my dreams," he said. "There is no other spot in England one-half so fair."

"Upon my word," said the Earl, turning to him suddenly, "I wish that you had had more time to see, you would have a thousand times better."

And Sir Raoul could not help seeing that the young Countess turned to him with the same most plainly written on her face.

"You will be a better master yet than your father," said Sir Raoul, touched at the unexpected humility of the words.

"No, I shall never improve," replied the Earl, with a short laugh. "We shall soon see the quiet of Ravensmore disturbed. Do you know that only three out of

twelve declined my invitation? We shall have the prettiest woman in England here."

"Who may that be?" asked Sir Raoul. "Do you not know Lady Belle Win-stone—the lovely golden-haired young widow?"

Sir Raoul looked at the noble, beauteous face opposite to him. It could not have been more beautiful than that of Lady Belle Win-stone.

"Lady Belle Win-stone," he repeated. "I have never even heard the name before. I incline to the belief," he continued, with a bow to the Countess, "that you have the loveliest heart in the land at Ravensmore now."

"You are a superior, Raoul," laughed the Earl. "Cheer up, my good man. Do not commit yourself to any decided opinion until you have seen Lady Belle."

"My opinion has long been formed," replied Sir Raoul modestly. "Whether he advised the countess of the perfect unloved wife, who it did so much good humor that the Earl could not possibly take offence."

"Lady Belle," continued his lordship, "is hard to admire than any woman in England."

"Then I should say," replied Sir Raoul, "that she was a great coquette."

Lord Caraven laughed.

"I am indeed; but then her coquetry is delightful; it does not mind her, nor does it offend me." "Fates differ!" said Sir Raoul calmly.

"A coquette would never please me."

Then the carriage stopped at the great entrance, and they were at home.

Remembering that after all he could trust the wife he did not love, Lord Caraven decided to say a few kind words to her; he said that he had never seen so many roses at Ravensmore, and never such beautiful flowers. She did not even turn to look at the flowers he indicated, but said on passing; the words he had spoken about Lady Belle rankled in her heart.

What mattered the bloom of the roses to her? Did not her husband—she did not even like him but still could not forget him—her husband, and it was not tolerable that any other woman should have all his admiration. With a gesture of haughty pride she swept into the house.

Sir Raoul understood the action well.

It was not a very bright home-coming. Lady Caraven went to her room, and sent an excuse for not appearing at the dinner-table—she was tired from the journey; but Sir Raoul, who had grown to understand every thought, every look of hers, knew that she was not well, and it was evident that any other woman should have all his admiration. With a gesture of haughty pride she swept into the house.

It was a noble woman nature revolved against her fate. She disliked the husband who lost no opportunity of showing her little tenderness. This dislike was strange position, and to him there came no gleam of light—no inkling as to how he should avoid his difficulties—no knowledge of what would be best to do.

He saw her very plainly.

The present state of things was a source of infinite trouble to him. It was impossible to think calmly of such a life as Hildred's—always unhappy, always lonely. He remembered how with the saddest voice he had ever heard she had mentioned the fact that about one day—

"I never feel quite alone as when I am in a crowded Mayfair ball-room."

He understood why—this brave, noble soldier, whom he had given the command that reads a woman a heart, had been born with the heart that about one day—

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# THE BACON & CO. MORNING POST.



## THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SARA.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Determined to put his design into execution as soon as he could, Fritz thought over all the possibilities that presented themselves. He had no money, but he had been sent by his aunt with an order to the shop of John Dempsey, who supplied the family with bread; and, as he stood there, a customer came in, asking for his account. It was not ready for him, and when he had gone, John complained that the pressure of business would prevent him from making out the bill, and he was losing money every day in consequence.

Now, John and Fritz were old friends. Their acquaintance dated back to the time when the boys first came to Carrollton, and to John, Fritz had been a friend for many an evening. In his basket's wagon, he had an ever-waiting supply of hot oats and beans from his overflowing basket, which, at that time, was always acceptable to the boy.

Fritz had no friends, all these years, and was ready to do a little service, he offered, as he had a half hour, to do the necessary writing for him at once. Much to John's astonishment, the (to him) herculean task was soon accomplished, and the bill, all correctly and neatly made out, laid in a pile before him.

Surprised by this circumstance, Fritz paid another visit to John, and offered to keep his books for him. If the baker would let him do the work as best he could, in the time he had to spare. The boy met with many difficulties, but he had strict part, for John not only gladly accepted his offer, but insisted that the pay should be liberal, and at the same time said he should count it a favor that Fritz was willing to do it. There was, however, one drawback that, at first, threatened to overrule all the good intentions.

John and Fritz had their own bookkeeper, and, as he was by no means a skilled one, the strange manner in which the entries were made baffled every effort of Fritz to understand them; therefore, it became necessary that John should explain the system, which he could do in the language, and then Fritz had no time to spare. He was not, however, a boy to relinquish an undertaking until convinced of its impossibility. He found that, by rising two hours earlier than his usual time, he could easily find all his time free for school; this he determined to do, and by that means he could have his evenings free.

Russell and Fritz were seldom called to the house, but the absentees were in no way wrong. Their few friends all around the neighborhood, and as they were always at home early, Mrs. Somers did not trouble herself about them; therefore, Fritz did not find it so difficult to get away as he anticipated. He kept his own counsel, and his secret was safe.

In consequence of this arrangement, Fritz still had his play hours and holidays, with which he hoped to turn to a profitable account.

Sara's life with her mother did not mean up and down. For her first ten years she had been taught to make herself useful, and Mrs. Somers now often found herself indebted to the girl for valuable services. Many a handsome piece of embroidery came from the deaf hands of Sara for her mother's use, and, as the result of the expense, she had gained under the kind eyes of her master, were likely to be forgotten want of practice in her seam's house.

"Sara, my dear," her aunt would say: "Sara is so careless, she has torn your dress shockingly, and I am afraid it will never be mended again." And again: "Sara, I would consider it a great favor if you would practice your music at another time, and help Katie arrange her bureau drawers this morning. They are in a terrible state, and I don't know what to do with them." Katie was always ready to oblige, and the kitchen girl had helped her put iron on.

**INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SOMERS.**

"Zipporah would follow his example, and then I should indulge a hope that he would sometime be a man, instead of a Molly Coddle, as he is likely to be."

Mrs. Somers could not believe she heard aright.

"A Molly Coddle?" she repeated. "What does that mean? Philip Russell was born a gentleman!"

Mr. Somers laughed. "Well, well," he replied, "we won't quarrel about Russell now, but Fritz must be let alone, that I shall insist upon, and now that this important question is settled, suppose we have our supper."

The time was now fast approaching when Katie Somers would complete her fifteenth year. There was to be a birthday party, and all the boys and girls in Carrollton were invited.

"We will have to be industrious," Mrs. Somers said to Sara and Katie. "Two weeks will pass very quickly, and there are a great many things to be done. Katie's dress is to be made, and the maid will not even be decided upon, until that shall be done."

Yester evening is exquisite. Think of something beautiful for our young girl."

"I like Katie best in white, Aunt," answered Sara, "a pretty white muslin with blue ribbons and flowers."

"I want something more stylish. A blue silk, trimmed with point lace—how would that do with my new set of pearls?"

"Nicely," said Mrs. Somers. "We will go out to day and make our purchases."

"We must get something for Sara, too."

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